What He Doesn't Know...(c) Charn 2023

"Do we have to go?" the large wolf growled from the bed. His arms were folded behind his head, his broad chest and powerful, long, muscular body on full display. He glanced over to the husky who was rummaging through the closet, then reached down and slid a finger under his loose, heavy nut-sack, curling and lifting to flop his massive testicles up over one thigh, to better display them. "Wouldn't you rather stay home... with me?" His voice was already quite low, but he growled out that last bit even lower. He knew what worked.

"You know we have to go to this," the husky politely reminded the wolf, turning around with two armfuls of proper attire. "And you have to dress up, and you have to wear a bow tie, and you have to put THOSE away." The husky chuckled, laying the clothes out on the chair.

"I have to put *what* away?" The wolf teased, ruffling his fingers through the thick black and gold-tinged fur of his chest. "Those clothes? But you just took them out..."

"No, not the clothes..." The husky walked past the bed, turning to lean over it and cupping one of his hands around one of the wolf's huge gonads. "THESE. You and your huge balls have to be on your best behavior tonight."

Magnus growled, for real this time, at the pleasant warmth and the not-so-pleasant squeeze of his boyfriend's hand against his nut. "Or what. You'll punish me?"

"Yes. No sex for two weeks." The husky said, grinning as the wolf's eyebrows raised comically. "No suckies, no handies, no porn, nothing."

"Wha-" The wolf stammered, then narrowed his eyes. "You little, you think you could really resist having sex with me for two weeks?" He grasped the husky around the waist, and Alex laughed as he was hauled onto the bed, the big wolf growling and nipping playfully at his cheeks as he rolled over on top of the much smaller husky. "Oops. Guess you're trapped. No party for you tonight."

"Magnus I swear to God, I will break your dick off myself if you don't get off!" Alex laughed, his hand not leaving his boyfriend's big juicy nut. He squeezed the grapefruit, grinding his thumb into the soft flesh, and Magnus yelped, pulling up and away from the husky. "There we go. GOOD boy."

The husky slunk off the bed, walked to the chair, and flung the wolf's clothes at him. "Now get dressed. You know it takes extra time to shoehorn your oversized nuts into the bulge of your pants."

Magnus smirked. He was going to make sure it took extra, EXTRA time to do it, tonight.

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The party was in full swing, and the two lovers were having a nice time. There was an open bar, with mulled cider and wine, and the tiger host was stalking around and "helping" people do shots of tequila with him. The mood was high, people were feeling good, and Alex couldn't stop smiling.

The dappled husky tugged at Magnus' leather vest, swaying his hips in a silly, sultry kind of way. "See? I knew we'd have a good time." He leaned up, smooching the underside of Magnus' chin. Magnus shook his head, rubbing between the husky's ears.

"*You're* having a great time. *I'm* just waiting to leave. "'One blowjob when we get back*'*, right?" The wolf growled in a deep, playful tone, as a gremlin grin spread across Alex's muzzle.

Alex scrunched up his nose, as if grossed out by the idea. "Eww. Sweety, you wouldn't make me, would you?" He slipped a paw to cup Magnus' bulge, squeezing casually against the swollen, well-packed meat in there. "Your dick is soooo big and my mouth is SO small, I'll get a sore jaw!" Alex enjoyed the weight, the heft of all that meat in that bulge. It was all his, too.

Some of the other guests turned, looking, raising eyebrows and whispering. Magnus grinned widely and pushed his hips forward, into Alex's grinding paw. "That's not my problem. You can choke on my big knotted wolf cock voluntarily, or, I can hold you down and use your throat as a fleshlight - if you prefer."

Alex huffed, blushing, but his tail wagged. A nearby rabbit looked offended, glaring at the two, but the rabbit's wolverine date gave Magnus a thumbs up as he was being dragged off.

"What's this I hear about blowjobs?" A voice said from behind the two. Magnus and Alex turned, finding Doctor Gratse at the doorway. A lion friend of theirs, Chuck, swayed on his feet next to the doctor, grinning dopily. The lion's mane had been buzzed off, and he limped slightly as he wandered over to some other lions that were in that corner of the room.

"Doctor G," Alex said. He waved, gesturing the ram closer. Doctor Gratse had silver fur, neatly sharpened into a pointed goatee, with lustrous pearled spiraling horns arching up from his skull. He was older than the wolf and the husky, with a kindly crinkle to his eyes and a friendly grin. He looked extremely happy to see the two, strolling up to them and giving Magnus a nice, firm squeeze on his tush.

"Alex, so good to see you. I see you brought your puppy with you, as well!" He teased, and Alex giggled along with him. "I also see that he's filling out his breeches a bit too much for a castrated predator."

Magnus' ears perked forward, and Alex's folded back. The husky looked caught, stammering out a reply. "Y-yeah, I know doc, he's, um..."

"He's not castrated?" Dr. G tut-tutted, reaching over to casually grab the underside of Magnus' mounded bulge. Other party guests looked on with jealousy; many wanted to examine exactly what the seven and a half foot stud was packing in there, but only Dr. G followed through.

Magnus blushed, glancing at Alex, but the husky didn't seem to have any problem with the doctor handling his boyfriend's junk so openly. "No, well, you know, I didn't actually tell..."

"You didn't tell Magnus that he is required, by law, to be castrated?" Dr. G's voice boomed through the room. The wolf and the husky cringed as people all turned and stared. The host, Charn, sidled up next to the little party, holding a little tray with small brown shots on it.

"Big words for this early in the night! Dr. Gratse, so good to see you again. I trust our little wager is still on?" Charn said, his teeth sparkling innocently with his smile.

The ram winked at the tiger, and shook his head. "You know it. Just be patient, good things come to those who wait."

The tiger growled, and lifted up a glass of his own. All four of them tossed their heads back, and the tiger continued on his way. The ram turned back to the husky and wolf, and leaned forward slightly. "You know the deadline was the beginning of this month, Alex..."

Magnus cleared his throat. "I feel like me being castrated is my own decision, doc," He said, lightheartedly. The doctor glanced at him, then back to Alex.

"I know, I just really can't stand the idea of my handsome boy losing his big wolf nuts. You've seen them."

The ram nodded, "Aye, I have, and they are beauts." He cupped and squeezed the wolf's package again. "But the law is clear. It's a public safety issue."

"Yeah, well, I mean, I looked into it-"

"You what?!" Magnus barked, staring at him incredulously.

"I looked into options!" Alex said, defensively. "But they're all expensive. I mean, even castration ~costs~ us money, but doing less invasive things, like hormone injections or vasectomies or brain programming, it's thousands of dollars." Alex hugged around the big wolf's arm. "We just can't afford that right now."

The doctor nodded, understandingly, and rested his other hand on Alex's shoulder. "You have to be responsible, though. And, I wish you had told me money was the only thing keeping you from lopping your stud's nuts off, because the government IS giving grant money to help with compliance."

"We're ~not~ lopping my big fuckin' nuts off," Magnus said, crossing his arms with a huff.

"Yes, dear," Alex said. He stroked the wolf's arm with his own, canting his head to the doctor. "What do you mean, about the grants? We could get... paid?"

The doctor nodded, all those flat white grass crushing teeth bared in a wide smile. "That's right. It's a good amount, too - basically I get a stipend from the government for each predator I, um, sterilize,' He said, giving Alex a wink. "And I just pass most of that on to the customers, taking only the costs for the surgery itself from the money. In this area, it's much cheaper to do the procedure than in the big cities, so it's pretty sizable." He looked up, tapping his chin. "Something like... a grand for a complete castration, or twenty bucks for a vasectomy."

"A grand..." Alex said, wonderingly. "That's a good amount."

"We're not cutting off my balls, even for a grand," Magnus growled. "I'm about to go home, Alex."

"Obviously it's a big decision, but if someone were to report an unsterilized predator on the loose, the state has patrols that do, you know, 'on-site' sterilizations, and they don't pay at all.'

The ram mimicked a lasso, and then a quick slash across an imaginary nut-sack he was holding. "Snag em, de-bag em, tag em, set him free. I'm sure we'd all hate to have that happen to your puppy," The doctor said, his smile slightly more intimidating with that silent threat behind it.

"I guess we'll have to schedule something," Alex mumbled. "Even twenty bucks is better than paying five hundred dollars for a vasectomy."

"That's right, and it's not like you can even tell, either way. I always use neuticles to help the neutered preds feel like they're still an intact male. Hey, Georgie!" The ram whistled between two fingers at a pudgy wolf in a Hawaiian shirt. The wolf's ears perked up, eyes widening as he recognized the doctor, and then padded over. "There he is. Now, Georgie here was one of the first preds I nutted."

"Doctor, please," Georgie said, blushing and glancing around. The ram waved his hand in the air.

"It's no biggie, Georgie, half the preds in here are either nutted or vasectomised. It's not like you're anything special. Now, Alex, close your eyes."

Alex glanced at Magnus, in confusion, and the big wolf shrugged. The husky closed his eyes, grunting as his wrist was grasped and pushed up against a warm, soft pouch.

"Now, don't open your eyes. Just feel that scrotum. Can you tell who's they are?"

"They must be George's," Alex said with a smirk. "Magnus' balls are, like, at least three times as big as these." He heard the pudgy wolf whimper, and the doctor chuckled. A sound of pants being unzipped, and suddenly there were murmurs in the air around him, and Magnus grunting in protest.

"Now feel these," Alex felt his other paw being grasped by the wrist, and then pressed up against the titanic meat of his boyfriend's left nut. He knew it was his left, because as he (instinctively) cupped his fingers as wide as he could to cup up against it, lifting it slightly, he could tell by its weight. Magnus' left one had always been larger, denser, and lower hanging then the right.

"This is Magnus," Alex giggled.

"Of course, and good on you for knowing the difference between a normal wolf and your puppy's massive whangers," The doctor said, to assorted chuckles. Alex blushed. "The question is, can you tell the difference between the nuts in your right hand, and the, ah, 'nuts' in your left?"

George whimpered. "They're real balls," He said, weakly.

Alex turned his head back and forth, 'looking' from one male to the other. "I mean, the ones on the left are smaller.."

The doctor tsk'd. "Is size and weight the *only* difference you notice?"

Alex shrugged exasperatedly. He tried to figure out more, crawling his fingers around the ball-sacks, to the two men's discomfort. Pulling down, squeezing the fleshy bulbs in his paws, even giving them both a playful slap. Magnus whined at the squeeze, but George yelped at the slap.

"Nah, I guess I don't. I guess George's might be a little cooler, temperature wise," Alex finally said, opening his eyes. Magnus was glaring down at him, and the wolf's pink cock was hanging thick, soft and pudgy out of his sheath, dangling in front of him. George just looked embarrassed. "Whoops. Sorry hon."

"You are ***so*** in trouble," Magnus muttered, arms folded and jaw set. "As soon as we get back to the apartment, I'm breeding multiple litters into you."

"And that is why it is imperative, Alex, to have him neutered *tonight.* These kinds of idle threats may seem playful, but they bely a dangerous lack of control over his loins. And if he can't control his loins... what *change* control?" The ram rubbed his chin, concernedly, staring over his glasses at the husky. Alex glanced at Magnus, then down to the huge wolf ball he was holding in one hand. The idea of holding both was, of course, silly, not in one hand. Balls like those weren't made for commoners like Alex to play with, they were created from a place of absolute virillic perfection. He would have to destroy such massive, perfect breasts, but, the law was the law.

The ball was yanked out of his hand, then, as a black bear staggered over and grabbed the whole sack roughly in one big paw. "So these are what neuticles feel like?"

Magnus grabbed the bear's wrist, "Watch it pal, those are real nuts, not falsies!"

"Uh?" The bear gave the huge bag a squeeze, pulling down and forcing both of the nuts down in their sack. "I thought you were castrated... these aren't replacements?"  
  
"They're the real thing," Magnus said between gritted teeth. Alex reached in, cupping against the sides and undercarriage of the wolf's nut-sack and lifting them up, pushing them back against the bear's casual, firm squeeze.

"George is the neutered one," The husky said helpfully, pointing to the pudgy, soft spoken wolf, who immediately paled as the bear turned to face him.

"Oh, YOU'RE neutered?" The bear laughed. "Yeah, you can tell."

"It's only been two weeks," the wolf said, lamely, but the bear was already bored with him.

"Doctor, I want nuts like THESE when you do me. Can you give me neuticles his size?" The black bear asked, hopefully.

"I certainly can. I have the full range of testicles, from tiny little cryptorchids to farmyard breeder bulls." The doctor casually pried the bear's thick claws from the wolf's straining scrotum, taking it and giving it a squeeze. "Magnus isn't quite a farmyard breeder, but if you want massive balls, I think we can manage it. Assuming that Magnus here doesn't want an upgrade?" He chuckled to the two.

Alex smiled back, but glancing at Magnus, he could tell that the wolf was ready to throw fists. "Doctor, me and Magnus are going to retire for a bit and make sure nobody damages these beauties. We will have to think about it, and I'm sure your girl can arrange a day for us... sometime in the next three months."

"I can take care of you here and now, tonight," Dr. Gratse said, grinning brightly. "My van's right outside. Come on, Allan, I'll let you pick out your balls right now, while we wait for these two to make up their minds."

Allan pumped his fist, staggering after the doctor.

"I hope he realized this is a bit more than a tattoo," Alex said, but Allan wasn't his concern. Magnus was. He guided Magnus into one of the side rooms and closed the door. "Sweetie, I'm sorry."

"There's no way I'm letting my balls get cut off, law or no law," Magnus said, flatly.

"I know! I won't let anyone take these from you, I promise." Alex reached down, gently stroking against Magnus' fat scrotum. His balls were a little puffy, he realized, a little hotter and heavier than they normally were. "They're far too precious to me. And I enjoy watching you accidentally sit on them far too much."

Magnus shot him a dirty look, and reached to grab his hanging dick. He lifted it up, and Alex laughed as Magnus pretended to cock-slap him with it, swinging it back and forth to drag its pre-oozing tip against his cheek. "You're being a brat, Alex."

"I know, I know. Sorry." He timed himself, then turned and gave Magnus' tip a soft smooth, licking over it, suckling on the very slit of his cock with just the tip of his teeth pressed against it. "Mwa."

"Babe." Magnus grunted, and his cock was thickening out already, the knot beginning to bulge in his thick, soft sheath. "You know how much I love oral."

"Yeah. And my blow job is still on for after we get home," Alex said, with a wink. "But before we do that... I think... we should go to the doctor and get you a vasectomy."

Magnus blanched. "You want my nuts cut?"

"No, silly, a vasectomy doesn't hurt your nuts.. it just knots the cords that carry the sperm out of your balls."

"I'll get all soft and flabby, like George," Magnus grimaced.

"No, you'll still have all your testosterone! George had fake balls! I could tell. They were too smooth and solid. Yours have a much more delightful give to them when I squeeze them." Alex leaned up and smooched Magnus on the nose. "And I want to keep making you squirm by playing with your big, heavy wolf balls."

Magnus panted, for a bit. It wasn't fair, how easily Alex could arouse him. "Well, how about I just dump a load up your ass... right now... and then we can save it later. Just in case he messes up or something."

"He's not going to mess up! Doc G is super trustworthy, very reputable. I mean, he's Charn's doctor, and you know how particular Charn is with the medical community."

"I don't know Charn, he's that weird tiger who keeps looking at my dick and licking his lips right?"

"He's the host of the party, and if he's eyeing your goods, that means you've got the biggest real balls here." Alex said. "He reaaaaally likes guys with big balls, I've heard."

Magnus cheered up at that. "Oh, really? I am?" grinned and waggled his hips, sending his heavy meat slapping from one thigh to the other. Thump, thump, thump.

Alex giggled and grabbed the wolf's dick. "Plus, twenty bucks isn't a lot... but it's enough for an eight piece fried chicken meal at KFC..."

"Fried chicken?" Magnus' tail began to wag along with his dick.

"That's right. All for you, I won't even steal a drumstick," Alex lied. He stroked Magnis thick pink rod, enjoying the feel of the smooth slippery flesh between his fingers, the way it surged with easy arousal. "And I think we can try out this vasectomy. Who knows, maybe they'll expand the law at some point, and I'll have to get the cut, too."

Magnus growled, "That doesn't make any sense. I mean, why AREN"T you required to get snips, too?"

"Only the biggest, MANLIEST preds get snipped," Alex shrugged. "I'm just a cute little husky. If you are mad, you only have yourself to blame. You're the biggest, manliest stud in town." He snickered as Magnus shot him a glare. "Sorry, in the *state.* So there's no way you can get out of it. I'm sorry sweetie." His voice turned coy and teasing as his hands reached down to grope Magnus massive balls. "..but these big nuts of yours are too dangerous. We just gotta cut them off."

Magnus growled and picked up Alex, flinging him onto the bed and pouncing on top of him. "I'll show you dangerous, you pillow biting nut rat," he growled, as Alex flailed and laughed.

"Sweetie, no, don't, you know I can't get your cum out of my fur! We're at a party!"

Magnus pulled up and off of the husky, grunting and huffing. "Fine. But I only stopped to prove I could. Ass hole doc, telling me I can't control my junk." He pretend-spat on the ground, as Alex took his hand, leading him towards the door.

"He was just teasing you. It's a thrill for prey types, you know, to pretend to pull one over on preds like us. I'm sure it made him feel really big to say that."

Magnus sighed as Alex led him out of the room and through the party. When they had reached the door, someone shouted, "another pair bites the dust!" and the two males left the building to the sound of the drunken gathering cheering for the demise of Magnus' testicles.

Outside, Allan was standing outside of the doctor's roving clinic van. He was shifting from one foot to the next, watching his balls swaying from left to right.

"Are you SURE those are neuticles?" Allan said, suspiciously. "They look exactly the same to me."

"That's because I know what the fuck I'm doing, Allan," the ram said with a laugh. He slapped the bear's backside, gesturing to the part. "Alright, back into the party you go. Make sure to tell Charn that I castrated you, and he'll give you a special drink."

Allan swaggered into the bar, and the ram turned to face the two lovers. "Ah, good, you are getting your pup fixed?"

"Not... quite." Alex cleared his throat, then leaned in. "Well, we decided to go for the vasectomy..."

"Sure," the ram said, glancing at the wolf's massive endowments, still hanging out of the fly of his pants, and then back to Alex.

"And I, personally, was wondering... do you think you could do the vasectomy, but say in your reports that it was... you know, a castration?"

The ram rubbed his chin. "You want to have Magnus marked as officially castrated, instead of just a vasectomy?"

"Yeah." Alex broke out the biggest, softest puppy eyes. "It's not just for the money, we're just worried that the law might become stricter later, and this would help..."

"Ahhh, of course. It's not about the money," The ram winked. He cleared his throat, and then said in his most professional voice, "Of course, I will make sure that the wolf is 'castrated' then." He gave both of them a big wink, and Alex turned and grinned up to Magnus triumphantly. Magnus didn't seem convinced, looking back at Alex with a worried expression.

"I don't *want* to be castrated," he whispered. Alex nodded back to him.

"You're not gonna be. We're just saying you are - for the law's purposes - so that you won't get castrated later on."

"Well, there's no time like the present. We can use the NFC on your phone to fill out all the paperwork. Just tap here," the doctor said, leading the two males up into the converted bus. The inside was clean, brightly lit, and smelled like that chemical that hospitals use to clean everything. There was a bench installed on one wall, and a hygiene station next to it. Currently, there were several scalpels and tweezers soaking in bright blue water. The room smelled like bear, specifically bear crotch. Before they had much time to process much more of the setup, though, the doctor had slid the tablet against their chests. "You can just rest the phone right on the lit up square and it will collect all your data."

Alex pulled out his phone, but the doctor shook his head. "Not you, silly, just your pup."

"I'm not a pup," Magnus growled, but he felt around in his pockets for the phone.

"Very good, very good, now, once that's finished transferring, we'll be ready to start the show, eh? Alex, you're not needed, so if you'd like go wait outside, we can-"

"He stays," Magnus growled. He glanced at Alex, and Alex looked up at him.

"I can stay, if you want. I just um... I'll close my eyes again."

"That won't be necessary," the doctor said. "You're allowed to watch, if you want, but I will have to ask you to refrain from touching anything, and you'll have to wear a surgical mask of course."

"Oh, I would prefer not to watch." Alex said. "I can't stand the sight of blood. It makes me woozy and stuff."

"Ah." The doctor considered for a moment, "Well, that's okay. Strip your pup down for me, Nurse Alex, and when the time comes I can use a curtain to prevent you from seeing all of the , uh, gore and viscera."

Alex blushed. "I'm being silly, aren't I. It's not going to be bloody at all, is it?'

"Well, there is some blood, but not much. It will be smeared on my fingers and there will be some, but it's mostly from the excision on the scrotum, not from the procedure itself. It's completely natural to be worried about the sight of it. Now, please, *nurse,* remove the patient's undergarments."

Alex turned back to Magnus, seeing the concern and worry in the wolf's face. "Yes sir, doctor. Alright, mister puppy," He paused, hearing Magnus growl lowly under his breath. "What was that? Did you just *growl* at me?"

"Mebbe,'' Magnus said, defiantly.

"Well, we'll see how much you're growling at me after you've had those cords cut. Doctor, is it true that once you have a vasectomy, you can still get off just like normal?" Alex asked, as he pushed the wolf's party slacks down his thick furred, muscular thighs. "And is it also true.. that because the sperm can't leave the balls... that men with vasectomies always feel like they're blue balling, no matter HOW many times they get off?"

'Umm," the doctor cleared his throat, watching as Magnus kicked off the slacks, his naked meat hanging openly, massively, and musky in the open air. He couldn't look away. Magnus peeled off his shirt as well, revealing his broad, powerful shoulders, his muscular chest, his ripped abs. He was a stud, and he knew it. Dr. Gratze stared, openly ogling the handsome wolf.

"Uh, what was the question? Oh, right. No, the sperm doesn't back up or anything like that." He turned away from the two, rummaging through a cabinet for a box of gloves, so that the boyfriends couldn't see the smirk on his muzzle. "Though it is quite common for the testicles to be numb for a week or so afterwards. Usually it's temporary, and we can give some pain killers should there be any residual, you know, aches. But the pain of this kind of procedure is less than the pain you would feel from getting kicked in the balls."

Magnus nodded, looking down at his naked groin, with his huge balls swaying slowly back and forth. His cock was still completely dangling from its sheath, save for his knot, which was still covered by it. The bulbs had receded, and he was honestly surprised that his cock had not begun to retreat up inside him again. There was something that made his scrotum tight about this whole scene, something that felt off, though of course he knew there was no reason to think about that.

"Very good, nurse," The doctor said, as he clapped on his gloves. He handed the mask to each of the males. "Make sure these are affixed, and I'll make sure this curtain still works."

It did, and as Magnus and Alex sat down on the benches, Dr. G helped Magnus to adjust his seat so that the hidden seat by his feet sprung upwards and outwards, like a recliner. This slid his groin and butt forwards, as well, lifted up and extended into the area of the cab. The doctor made sure it was stable, and then pulled the curtain closed. It was a heavy curtain, gray and weighted - the kind used in rooms with x-ray machines - but it did the trick. The solid wall of gray blocked out all sight of the big wolf's naked, exposed genitals. Alex and Magnus held each other's hand.

"It's going to be okay, sweetie," Alex said. "It's just a little snip and then you'll be set for life."

"I wish I had gotten off BEFORE we came out. I knew I should have stayed home," Magnus growled.

On the other side of the curtain, Doctor G was grinning uncontrollably. He checked to make sure that the tablet had processed things correctly. They had requested that he set them up for a castration rather than a vasectomy in the system, and he was all too eager to comply. Of course, that meant he had to *use* the tools and materials involved in a castration, and not a vasectomy. A regular doctor would have no problem with just taking the expected materials for the castration and just dumping them in the trash or something like that, but Doctor Gratse was far too ethical for something like that. He would feel terrible, as if his own medical credentials would be in question, if he were to say he did a castration when he hadn't. So, unfortunately for the big wolf's fat nuts, certain sacrifices had to be made.

Doc sat on a rolling stool and rolled up to the chair extension. The part that had folded up was actually two sections that were latched together with a hook at the end, and Dr. G was able to unlatch and spread the pieces apart. Magnus twitched as his feet were shifted, and the ram chuckled kindly to him.

"Sensitive feet, eh pup?" He slid up two pads on either side of the wolf's ankles. "These are to keep you from accidentally kicking me. You can lift your feet straight up, but not to either side. You're a big guy, so I want to make sure you don't bump me when I have a scalpel pressed up against your balls. Are you comfy?"

Magnus sighed, nuzzling against Alex's cheek. "Yeah, doc, I'm fine." He had no idea.

"Excellent. I'm going to get started. Now, before we begin, I'm just going to have to examine these," the ram said. He didn't have to, actually, but god he wanted to. The wolf's groin was completely displayed for him, his heavy dick hanging over one thigh, and those huge balls just hanging down between his legs. He slipped latex covered fingers behind the neck of Magnus' scrotum, and he pulled up and forward. The wolf's socked toes twitched, at the unexpected touch, as Dr. G lifted the balls up and swung them forward, to land on a metal tray with a heavy whumph.

"Careful with those, doc," Magnus said from behind the curtain.   
  
"Of course. I'm just not as familiar with such large specimens. I'll be careful going forward!" He hmmed as he isolated the right testicle, stretching the scrotum down with his fingertips on both sides of it, to better outline the shape of the organ. Roughly spherical, but rounded on either end like the broad tip of a chicken egg. These were much larger, of course. If the doctor had to guess, they were more the size of.. "Hey, what are the names of those fruits in the stores? The ones with the big pits in the middle?"

"Avocados?" Alex suggested, helpfully.

"No, bigger. Not peaches..."

"Mangoes?" Magnus asked.

"Yeah, Mangoes. Magnus' Mangoes. A new varietal, perhaps," the ram joked. He rested his palm on top of the isolated testicle, and leaned forward, putting most of the weight of his upper body on that testicle.

"Aagghh! Doc, what the fuck?!" The wolf's hands shot under the curtain, and Dr. G quickly relaxed his form, so that as Magnus lifted it, they could see that the doctor was 'only' palpating the testicle gently.

"Oh, did that hurt?" The ram said, facetiously. "I was only gently squeezing..."

"Yeah, it felt like you were trying to flatten my nut," Magnus wheezed.

"Me? Never," the doctor said, licking drool from the corners of his mouth.

Dr. G glanced at the wolf's cock, which had thickened, the pink flesh stiffening up and lifting up from Magnus' thigh. "Well... that does happen sometimes. Some males, especially, uh, more endowed males like you, are sensitive to pressure points. Now, I do have to kind of compress your nut to keep it in place, while I'm doing the operation, but if that's going to be very painful for you..."

"I can handle it," Magnus said. He let the curtain down. "Just.. be careful."

"I'll do you one better. I can tell you're anxious. How about I just numb the entire area?"

Dr. G waited until the curtain was back in place, and then slid his fingers from the testicle to the cord that slid out from it. Gripping it firmly, he pulled down, until the huge egg bumped up against his wrist. Then, he pinched down firmly, digging his finger into the epididymis on the back of the massive testicle.

"Jesus, what is that?" Magnus yelped, and Dr. G pinched down slightly firmer.

"I'm barely touching your cords, just to feel them out. You know, why don't you let me give you that injection? There's nothing to be ashamed of, but I can't have you squirming and lifting up the curtain while I'm in the middle of the process. You might see blood or something."

"Let him do it, sweetie," Alex whined. "I don't want you to be in pain.'

Dr. G' peered up over his glasses, at the curtain. Magnus was panting on the other side, and the ram made sure to rub his blunt, thick fingers into the delicate epididymis, bruising it with a strong, solid probe.

"Fine... fine! As long as you stop doing that!" Magnus finally snapped.

"Excellent," Dr. G said. He had, in fact, already prepared such a syringe, and after tapping the needle, he reclaimed the testicles, gripping the cord firmly about half way up. "You're going to feel a pinch, just take a deep breath and count to five as you exhale."

The needle pierced easily into the thick, furry scrotum, and deep into the sensitive cord. The wolf's thighs twitched, hard, but Dr. G didn't give the wolf time to change his mind. He pushed in the syringe, the cool anesthetic flowing into the top of his cord, way up high, blocking all nerve receptors almost instantly. Magnus only counted down to two by the time the pain seemed to disappear entirely from that side of his scrotum. While Magnus exclaimed in relief, Dr. G moved the syringe to the other side of his sac, and pressed it into the fat cord there, without warning. Magnus' legs jumped, but in seconds, the syringe had deposited the second half of its payload, and Magnus relaxed again.

"Give me some warning next time, jeez," Magnus complained.

"Don't worry, there's nothing else to give you a warning about, going forward. Just let me know if you're going to sneeze," the ram said, as drool began to form in his mouth.

Now the fun could begin.

Magnus relaxed, slightly. The needle shots had hurt, had hurt a lot, and he didn't know if it was because of the rough way everyone was treating his balls all night, or whatnot. He scooped an arm around Alex, gathering the husky close, and Alex began to stroke Magnus' tummy, rubbing his fingers through the much larger male's thick soft belly fur.

"I think... I'm glad we're doing this," Alex said. "I mean, obviously it was going to happen one way or another, but-"

"We could have left the country," Magnus mused. He could feel the gloved fingers of the doctor, smooth and rubbery, wrap around the middle of his dick and lift it up and into the air. '*Huh. He must need to get it out of the way,'* he thought. Then he felt breath, stream against the length of his shaft. He paused, ears perking forward, as Alex stroked his paw in a slow circle over his belly.

"Oh, you just got tense," Alex said. "Is he being mean to you?" He leaned up, trying to distract Magnus away from the mean doctor, with gentle cuddles.

A lick lapped lazily over the tip of Magnus' cock, and he felt himself thickening and stiffening automatically. He couldn't help it, his body was bred to fuck, and the doctor's tongue felt very good against his cock. "He's just handling me... it's, um, weird." Magnus stammered.

A mouth, warm and kind of rough, folded over the end of his cock, as Magnus' felt fingers stroking along his scrotum. His balls themselves were completely numb, but even still his scrotum wasn't, and he could feel the peculiar oddness of that muscled shroud, tightening and gripping and sliding against the massive, inert stones within.

The doctor was fellating him. Magnus tried to rationalize how this could be happening. '*Maybe he needs to ensure I am flushed clean, so that I don't go knock up any bitches,*' Magnus thought to himself. Of course, the idea was silly, but what if it was required, legally?

Both Magnus and Alex's ears perked forward, as they heard a slow, wet, slurping sound. Magnus tried to hide the twitch as he felt that hot mouth slide off of his erection.

"Um, doc, what was that?" Magnus asked. He was afraid to pull back to the curtain, because he didn't want to reveal that his cock was fully erect and wet with the doctor's saliva.

"Oh, that's just the tool I use to drain excess fluids, you know, one of those mister suckies like the doctor has." The doctor chuckled, and then there was the sound of music as a radio was turned on, and holiday music filled the van. "Oh, we all love George Michaels, right?"

Alex perked up at that, and began to sing along with the song. "Last night, you gave me your knot, so the very next day, I had your balls whacked," he teased, then laughed as Magnus grasped his sides in his huge hands and tickled him. "I couldn't help myself! I'm sorry." He smooched his big lovable boyfriend, and rubbed under his chin. "So, what do you wanna get for dinner after this? My treat," Alex said.

Magnus chuckled, but weakly, as Alex snuggled in against him. The doctor was 'slurping' again, without even holding back this time, and it felt good - damned good. "Um." Magnus couldn't think of food. All he could think about was that mouth chugging on his cock. "Oh, um, chicken?"

On the other side of the curtain, Dr. G was jiving to the holiday music. Santa had come early this year, and left him with a big, fat sack. He gripped the huge testicles in his paws, one per palm, the heavy, swollen wolf fruits overlapping his grip by a considerable amount. The cock in his mouth throbbed and released more sweet pred precum, and he slathered his tongue against the pointed, swollen tip that was caught between his lips. It was a delicious appetizer, but he was getting more and more excited for the main course.

He took the scalpel in one hand and wrapped his hand around the soft, furry nut-sack with the other. He didn't have the time to shaft the large, warm nutbag. It was for the best, honestly, he may not be able to pull off the ruse if he did so, he'd HAVE to take the entire scrotum (and the testicles within it) to put up on his wall at home, next to the other big trophies he'd taken.

He groaned as the massive, veined shaft throbbed in his mouth. Oh, yes, this wolf was begging to be castrated. He didn't know it, but Dr. G could tell as soon as he saw him. A wolf doesn't flaunt a pair of nuts like that unless he WANTS to have them taken away from him.

He brought the scalpel to the nut-sack,using one paw to pinch the underside of it and drag it down, stretching it as far as he could. The scrotum dragged neatly along the underside of that scrotum, cutting a slit in the stretched skin. When it was wide enough, he lifted the scalpel and released the scrotum, and it shrank back. The nutbag tightened up, retracting fully, and the underside of Magnus' prized grapefruits slit out the bottom of that sack, into the open air. Large, steaming and heavy, they rested on the table, just waiting to be claimed.

The ram lifted the fat nuts up with his hands again, holding them by the cords and letting the full weight of each of them hang from the epididymis. If they weren't completely numb, Magnus would be in agony. The scrotum holds most of the weight of the testicles - now these nuts were hanging entirely from the raw nerves and tender tissues that made the balls so viable. As the doctor swung the nuts slowly back and forth, he felt small particulates and tissues yield from inside, the nuts hanging slightly lower as things snapped inside the delicate genitals.

With a sigh, Dr. G swallowed Magnus to the knot. His thick teeth pushed down, into the flesh just above that swollen bulb, and he dropped the two naked testicles, falling onto the metal tray with two heavy bongs.

"What was that?" Alex asked. Magnus bit his fist, eyes closed, and shrugged helplessly. Shit, the full foot of his dick was being gulped down. Magnus hadn't been throated so expertly since that time with the naga, and that had been ten years ago at least.

"Dunno," he said, "But I'm sure the doc knows what he's doing." He cuddled Alex closer, fingers stroking along the husky's tail and petting it, trying to keep it a secret that a foot away, his big dick was being sucked off by a horny doctor. "We just have to be patient."

"You're really taking this well," Alex laughed, "How are you more relaxed about this than me?"

The doctor couldn't see the balls while he was bobbing on the wolf's cock, but he could certainly play with them. He started with the right one, grasping it in both paws. Fuck this wolf was huge. He chortled, inwardly, as he held the huge gonad between his palms. So much virility, such an impressive specimen of masculinity, and the dumb wolf was just sitting there, completely oblivious to the destruction that was imminently about to be unleashed on his big, fat testes.

Why?

Cuz the doctor was a *throat goat*.

Dr. G SLAMMED his hands together, feeling the hot, living egg distend between his palms as he crushed his palms towards each other. It bulged out the top and bottom and around the sides of his hand-sandwich, the flesh stubbornly refusing to yield. A lesser male would have popped like an old tomato. Magnus' balls had a zest to survive though.They were built from tougher materials than other wolves.

Doc G slid his hands around the smooth, warm, pulsing testicle. He relaxed the squeeze on it, and relished in just holding and squeezing, kneading and exploring this other male's vulnerable, prized manhood. He was enjoying it, eyes closed, feeling that thick log of a dick sliding down into his gullet and tugged out with a wet schlorch, when his fingers stroked up along the epididymis again. The soft, plump bulb at the back of the testicle, where the sperm was drained out and sent upwards into his body. Gosh, without that, the testicle was functionally useless.

Dr. G pushed his finger into the soft bag, twisting as he did, and his thick, keratinous nail did all the work for him. The tissue squelched, popping against his finger with a hot, mucusy slick of pure sperm. Dr. G groaned, sheathing that entire massive wolf dick down his throat, as he burrowed his finger in deeper, ruining the soft gland entirely. He jammed the finger deeply into the testicle itself, skewering the hot, tight flesh around his digit, and then curled his hand to rest flush up underneath the nut, so that he was holding it like a bowling ball. There were still some connective tissues keeping it attached to the wolf's groin, but the main 'thoroughfare' interchange between nut and body was helplessly ruined.

The grass eater retracted his arm, keeping his finger deeply embedded. The cords drew taut, pulling the nut down over his finger even firmer, to the point that some of the soft, tender innards squirched out around his thumb like hot wolf paste, but eventually, in the battle of strength between the testicular cords and the doctor's bicep, the doctor won. The nut came free with a soft tearing sensation, the cord zipping upwards back into the ruined scrotum, scurrying away as the huge testicle was left to fend for itself.

Magnus had no idea that his ball had been removed, of course. All he knew is that the doctor was *chewing* on his cock, the grazer's wide, smooth, flat teeth crushing down against his cock meat and grinding back and forth. He had never felt this before, and he didn't know why it was happening. Was this something that rams did to each other? He grunted, feeling his knot being held clumsily in one hand as the doctor gnawed on the entire length of his proud eighteen inches.

"Are you okay? Are you in pain? Doc, I think he needs more anesthesia," Alex said, worriedly.

Magnus grunted nonchalantly, as the doc's tongue wrapped around the middle of his shaft, giving him a handjob in the middle of his blowjob. Fuck, *he was going to howl.* Magnus coughed, squirming, trying not to reveal he was about to bust his nut in front of Alex, and instead grabbed and pulled the husky to straddle his belly.

"Just kiss me, idiot," He moaned, craning up towards Alex. Alex stared at him in confusion, then fell into the cuddle. He leaned down, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend's neck and kissing him, nipping and teasing at the wolf's tongue. '*Magnus was being brave and strong and trying not to show his anxiety,'* he thought, *'cuddling was the best way to mask it.'*

Magnus unloaded. He growled, the howl transmuted almost entirely into the husky groan-moan-growl, hugging Alex tightly against himself, as just on the other side of the curtain, the ram **gulped** down two weeks of Magnus buckshot.

Of course, the doc cared very little about Magnus getting off. It was a means to an end, and as that wolf dick throbbed and pulsed and started spurting out it's load, he pulled back, squeezing the knot with one hand as he lapped and licked the heaviest of the spurts free from the pulsing shaft. It was enticingly, exotically potent seed, and the ram enjoyed it, but it wasn't what he was here for. In fact, only a half a minute into the wolf's load, he let the clenching, oozing dick slide free from his maw. He stuffed it into the end of a rubber-necked cup, the hot oozes of the last of his body's intact seed being squirted and basted into the clear glass receptacle.

He lifted up the 'plum' speared on the end of his finger, and licked his lips. Magnus' cum had served one purpose - to lube his throat. He opened wide, the ram's broad teeth sliding just over the widest, fattest part of the wolf's smaller testicle. It was so big! How could a wolf be born with such a massive ball?! It was like eating another ram's testicle, or even a bull's. He pulled his finger back out of the end, just barely managing to get the entire rounded meat between his jaws, the smooth teeth scraping some of the slick outer lining of the large, gray orb as he did so.

The ram's own shaft was a hard brick down the inside of his leg, as he started to eat one of Magnus' balls. Gripping the table, staring at the one lone intact nut, just waiting for him to finish his 'snack' so he could eat it too. Damn, there was no going back from this - he couldn't say he 'accidentally' ended up with a wolf's gonad in his belly. Of course, there was a big difference between a 'wolf gonad' and 'a meat slurry'. Rams had stomachs designed for digesting fiber, not protein, but anything could be digested if it was broken down enough.

Magnus had no idea that his nut was being ground into slop, as the ram started crushing his jaws together, the big rounded egg compressed down between them. The hole his finger had burst into one end began to overflow, as the innards were crushed out through the opening, dropping in slick potent blobs of pure sperm-making tissue, splattering on top of the naked remaining testicle. Doc didn't notice, or care, groaning as he felt the testicle breaking down, splitting suddenly along one side and its innards flopping out into his cheek, bulging it out with the sheer mass of the canine's tightly packed internals. It was salty, and delicious. The ram swallowed it down, lapping into the crushed shell to peel out more, taking every ounce out.

Magnus was relaxing, his nipples hard and sensitive against Alex's caresses as the husky played and tweaked with them. Magnus usually didn't do much after knotting and spurting, he would roll over and go to sleep, but of course... Alex didn't know that Magnus *had* just cum. He was whispering in Magnus' ear, teasing the big wolf, all too happy to play this naughty game.

"I sure do hope you don't get hard... what if the doctor saw your big dick getting hard while you were in the middle of getting a vasectomy?" The husky teased, smooching Magnus' cheek. The wolf grinned, wanly, looking sick to his stomach at the idea. "What if you got real hard, and the doctor thinks it's because you like the idea of having your big... fat... wolf nuts... cut off?"

"Okay, sweetie, that's just being silly," Magnus said, blushing hotly under his dark fur. He reached down, gripping the husky's plump pouch in one hand and giving it a warning squeeze. "It feels weird to be talking about sex, um, right now..."

The shell of Magnus' right nut was almost completely emptied out by now, enough so that the ram was able to start chewing on it, like a piece of rubbery gum. He bunched it all up on one side of his maw, and bit down, his thick teeth crushing and pinching the empty cartilage against itself, rupturing it and grinding it slowly down. He really should chew it into little pieces, but he was impatient and excited. After all, that other nut was just sitting there.

"Are you almost done over there?" Magnus asked, hopefully, from the other side of the curtain.

Doc swallowed the remaining nut down, and cleared his throat. "About half done." He picked up the other nut, stroking it between his palms, feeling the hot throb of vitality still in it. The slick gunk that had dripped onto it was palmed and rubbed, smearing the musky flesh against musky flesh. "I had to wait for the anesthetic to kick in. I'm about to start the messy part now," He said, grinning.

He didn't care that Magnus was having some post-nut regret about getting blown. He was going to eat the wolf's other nut. This one was even bigger than the right one, and it was definitely the biggest testicle he had ever eaten. He crammed it in between his jaws, feeling his lips stretch painfully against the swollen gland. It was just so big, SO meaty, he had to have it.

Only, it wouldn't fit. The left testicle had already felt heavier than the other, denser somehow - and that was normal with males - but it was wider, too. Denser and bigger. Gratse wanted to grab his dick through his pants, and work out a hot load, but he knew he couldn't do anything but destroy any chances of this wolf becoming a father. He needed to.

He bit into the bottom of the nut, like an apple. His teeth pinched together into the flesh, and then as he kept biting, he felt the yielding flesh 'snap', and suddenly he was biting into soft marshmallowy meat, instead of rubbery, thick, tough membrane. He bit off the underside and ripped his head back, not caring as a spray of fluid splattered the curtain and the wall to the right. He swallowed the piece down, and went for another, chewing off another section of wolf nut and gulping it down whole.

Alex's ears perked as he heard the weird sounds and grunts as the doctor ripped his boyfriend's remaining testicle into bite sized pieces. "Dang, it sounds like it's really involved."

"Yeah," Magnus agreed. He couldn't identify the sounds - he knew that the 'mister sucky' sound was the ram sucking on his dick, but what was that sound? The music couldn't hide it. It sounds like those slime asmr videos his last boyfriend had been so obsessed over. "I dunno, maybe he's just making a mess over there."

"Well, I hope he knows how to clean up after himself," Alex fretted. "I don't want him leaving your bag open or something."

Magnus smooched Alex's forehead. "I'm sure he has it all under control."

The ram was out of control. His stomach was *full* of nut meat, even pulped and chewed up, but there was still a third of a nut left to eat. He couldn't believe it, but Magnus' balls were too big for him to finish. He turned his head, holding the remaining nut like half a coconut in one hand, and belched discreetly into his elbow. That opened up some room, and he was able to swallow down the cheek-bulging mouthful in his mouth, but as he looked at the remaining half of a testicle, the thought of eating it made him feel queasy.

'*I'll just save it for later,*' he thought, and yanked the nut off. The cord stretched, his fingers clenched around the area where it connected to his body, and he could feel the innards of the nut oozing out against his wrist, but he pulled further and further, until he felt the cord snap free from somewhere deep inside the wolf's body. It zipped back, slapping him in the nose, and Dr. Gratse began to cum in his pants. He had castrated the wolf so casually he was thinking about putting the remaining nut in tupperware. *Fuck, the wolf was such a stud, he couldn't even eat Magnus' entire scrotum in one sitting.*  Dammit!

He owed Charn twenty bucks.

He dropped the remaining tissue into a specimen jar and slid it into a small refrigerated cooler off to the side, and went to find the right pair of neuticles. Oh, dammit, that was right. The pair he had put aside for Magnus... he had used on Allan. That meant he didn't have anything near the wolf's size anymore. The closest he had was... a regular wolf's size, closer to George's falsies. Dr. Gratse winced. This would be hard to explain. Fortunately, he loved lying to big dumb predators, and he was very good at it.

The small testicles were unwrapped, and he pulled them from their crinkly plastic cellophane. The ram scowled at the normal, golf ball sized rounded transparent silicone neuts. They were a pale comparison to Magnus' former testicles, which even now gurgled and strained the seams of his stomach.

Then again, Magnus kind of paled in comparison to the Magnus from half an hour ago, as well, so...

He slid the testicles up into the empty scrotum, which lay flopped over top of the two, completely smothering them inside its massive, bulky, empty space.

"Well, that won't do," He said. He used his palm, pressing down on the empty scrotum, and sliding upwards. the two neuticals slid up, as he flattened the skin with one palm and pulled at the sliced bottom of the scrotum with his other. He tugged at the left, and then the right side, pulling the scrotum taut around the foreign objects, until he had gotten them fitting as snugly as possible against the wolf's body as they could go.

Then, he sliced.

Lifting his palm away, he loosely mimicked the visible space that the neuticles took up, just underneath it, outlining the shape of the scrotum with the knife. He left about five inches of overhang, and cut the rest away, leaving Magnus' balls on the cool metal table with just a 'bib' of scrotum hanging over top of them.

That was to reduce seams.

He folded the remaining scrotum down, over the two neuticles, and superglued it into place with a bonding gel designed to be compatible with lupines and canines. The glue would naturally dissolve, and the scrotum would create new capillaries to maintain circulation. For as traumatic as it might have seemed on the outside, it was not really a hard surgery to heal from.

Heck, two weeks of strong painkillers and he won't even notice he's lost his balls. That's what the doctor was counting on, anyways.

After a cursory wipe down, scooping up the bits of nut guts and such, and a swig n spit of mouthwash to get any remaining wolf gunk out from between his teeth, he pulled back the curtain.

"Aww," he said. Reaching down, he gently nudged the shoulders of the sleeping boyfriends, who awoke groggily.

"Wow, fifteen minutes and you two are out like a light, eh?" He said, as Magnus and Alex blinked up at him, confusion darting between their faces. "Well it's all set, you're good to go. You should expect to feel some pain for a couple weeks - if you just take one of these pills with each meal, though, you won't notice a thing."

"Oh, thank you doctor," Alex said, standing up. He yawned, and stretched, sniffing at the air and crinkling his nose. "Damn, it smells like cum in here now."

"Yeah, that's the inside of a wolf's nut-sack for you," The doctor said with a grin. He opened up the back door and helped the two out into the cool air. The party was still going strong inside.

"Oh, when should we remove the bandages? And when should he, um, you know..." Alex gestured meaningfully down to the wolf's bandaged scrotum. "I want to see what his cum tastes like now, without swimmers in it."

"Well, about that," the doctor said. He gestured to Magnus' dong, which was still hanging out of its sheath, and still crusted with some of his last bits of orgasm. "I would actually suggest keeping him caged up. I noticed that your boy tends to drip, a lot, and I'm concerned that he may try to use his plumbing before it's healed."

"Would that be bad?" Magnus asked, "I mean, isn't that part of the healing process?" Doctor G could tell he was not interested in this 'caged' option, but as the doctor grinned at him, maliciousness in his eyes, Magnus realized he didn't have a leg to stand on.

"It could be very bad. You could open up the stitches, and then your testicles would go septic. We'd have to remove everything." The ram shook his head as both Alex and Magnus gasped. "So, a cage is the best idea... and in two weeks, when you take off the bandages, you can take that off, as well. In fact, you can come to my office and I'll take care of both for you."

"You would do that?" Alex seemed overjoyed. "I mean, I would, but... I am worried about.. stains."

"Of course, there will be some blood stains in the bandage, in the back, where the seam is. I am happy to do it, in fact, I even have a cage, right here, that we can use. Since I have the key to it, I can rest easy knowing that your disobedient pup isn't doing anything behind your back."

The doctor pulled out a black plastic cage. It looked more like a dog's muzzle than a cage, and it was clearly designed for a normal sized package, but the doctor crammed the wolf's giant dick tip into it anyways.

"Ouch." Magnus said, as his cock's flesh bulged out between the bars. He folded his arms, glaring down at the ram. "It's not going to fit, doc."

"I know it's small, but I suggest that you relax your pelvic muscles and let me stuff your baculum back up inside you, unless you want me to start discussing the benefits of 'penis removal surgery' to your better half," Dr. G said. Magnus was startled enough to relax, and Dr. G pushed.

The cage forced the cock back up into the wolf's sheath, the wolf whining at the pressure of having his knot crammed back up inside him while still half inflated. The ram was professionally ruthless though, twisting and grinding, handling the dick he had just spent twenty minutes slurping and worshiping as if it were just a piece of meat to be put away. The cage CLICKED as the ram pressed a button, and a slender bar of metal, no bigger than a paperclip, stabbed through the side of the sheath, through the flesh of Magnus' dick tip, and out the other side.

"Hey! That hurt!" Magnus said, trying to see what happened, but the doc waved him off.

"This is your life for the next two weeks." He winked at Alex. "You should get used to it, the cage looks good on you."

Alex tried to talk more to the doctor, but Charn had come out of the house.

"So, how did it go?" The tiger said, giving a quick wave to Magnus and Alex before turning back to the ram.

"You were right," The ram said, feeling around in his back pocket. "I couldn't believe it, but yeah."

Magnus smirked. The doctor had clearly bet that he could deep throat the wolf's entire cock. That explained a lot of what happened tonight. He had known that Charn had been eyeing up his big piece for a while, but he hadn't thought that the tiger would be talking about him to others. Making bets about how big his junk was. He puffed out his chest, the neutered wolf strutting into the party with his husky in tow.

"You can't mess with the best," Charn said, pocketing the cash. "And I know the best. How far did you get? One nut?"

"One and a half." The ram handed Charn a specimen jar, with half of Magnus' cooling, gnawed on testicle inside it. "It was so good though, totally worth it. I can't believe you set me up with that."

"Yeah, and now you see how addictive it is. The thrill of the hunt, the climax of the kill, the afterglow of getting away with it all."

The ram nodded. "Yeah. It's addictive. So who's next?"  
  
"Aren't you full?" the tiger asked, skeptically. "I mean, you just ate about five pounds of wolf meat..."

"I'm full, but my cooler isn't. I wanna nut as many big hung predators as I can. I feel like, as an ungulate, it's helping to balance the debt that YOU have made in MY community, if I make a dent in yours."

The tiger laughed, and rubbed his chin. "Sure, sure. Tell ya what, I'll text my dragon friend. He's always down for getting bossed around by a little hoofer with a sharp knife."